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Jones's Classical Family Library.—London, Jones.

This is a very handsome and cheap Edition, in large 8vo. size, of the standard translations of the Greek and Roman Classics. It is printed in double columns, and each volume contains a great deal. The selection of translations, hitherto, has been very judicious, and we can recommend the book to any one who wishes for a uniform series of elegant translations. Murphy's Tacitus, Beloe's Herodotus, and Baker's Livy, have already appeared.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Ulster Magazine.

Four numbers of this periodical have now reached us, and we are, on the whole, satisfied with its progressive improvement. We would exult in the establishment of a magazine in every town in Ireland, because we are convinced that not only must literature be encouraged, and the arts improved by such means, but the tone of the public mind elevated and refined. There are men, we are reluctantly compelled to believe, many unhappy men, even in this city, who denounce magazines and their readers; we wish to employ no harsh terms, we cannot feel indignant, but must unfeignably treat the French public to a little poem, to ascribe their fanaticism to their ignorance. Could they accomplish the dearest wish of their hearts, polite literature, with all its charms, would be banished from our island, and in its stead, the genius of dulness would be set up and worshipped. Gloomy in their minds, and unsocial in their habits, they would destroy all the innocent recreations and enjoyments of life—in which their own cold uncongenial dispositions will not allow them to participate. We trust, however, with confidence, to the spread of information, and the correcting influence of a better taste, to counteract the mischievous designs of those who labour under this delusion. The province of Ulster possesses certainly an excellent newspaper press, politics, of course, fill many of their columns, but still the interests of literature are not forgotten, and we are not insensible to the zealous and flattering support we have ourselves received from the conductors of the Northern papers. In such a quarter a magazine, conducted with even moderate ability, ought to be certain of success. The one in question has this great recommendation, that it is uncommonly cheap, and also well printed. The editor, we think, indulges too much in selections from other periodicals, he should supply his readers with more original matter, and extract, sparingly, good articles from such works as are very expensive and difficult of access to his subscribers. We observe, too, in the first No. an unfinished sketch of a Mr. Russel which was to have been continued in the next—but which continuation has, unfortunately, been forgotten, in the three succeeding numbers; this, we think, disrespectful to the public. The poetry is not exactly to our taste, the editor should be more cautious in publishing all the silly trash that may be dropped in his box. The sketches from the Russian and other histories are good; we remembered to have read with horror, in the history of Russia, by Castera, of the massacre of the innocent Ivan, of all the crimes of the Orloffs, and all the enormities of Catherine; we closed the book hastily, having conceived an almost insurmountable antipathy to the very

name of Russia. The article on "the past and the future of Ireland, in reference to the national literature" is written with much vigor, and contains many undeniable truths; on the political sentiments propounded in it, and other articles of this magazine, we pronounce no opinion, only hoping that while the editor maintains his creed with resolution, he will keep within the bounds prescribed by good taste and decorum. We wish the Ulster every success.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Among the numerous memoirs constantly issuing from the French press, we may notice as a curious occurrence, the *Mémoires de Levasseur*, more commonly known by those versed in the history of the French revolution as *Levasseur de la Sarthe*, which department he represented in the *Convention Nationale*: he belonged to the *Montagne*, that is, he was a Jacobin; he was involved in the disgrace of Robespierre and his party, and has now written a justification of that party while they were in power, his arguments we do not repeat, as we imagine few would relish them any more than we.

M. Barthélémy, the poetical agitator, has treated the French public to a little poem, (1830) not a panegyric of government; from what, little we have seen, we think not much of it—there are many lame and flat verses in it to disgust the lovers of poetry, and far too much against the powers that be, to meet the approbation of moderate politicians, and friends of order, but such is the agitation of men's minds in France, that any thing is welcome that is directed against Government.

Some tales have been found of Benvenuto Cellini's, which are stated to be written in the same amusing style as his memoirs: GOTTHE, who translated his life thirty years ago, is translating some of them into German.

To any of our readers who make anatomy their study, the intelligence will be gratifying, that Dr. Jules Cloquet's great work is now complete. The *Anatomie de l'homme* appeared in fifty Livraisons, Atlas folio, making in all 288 lithographic plates of anatomical subjects; it was commenced in 1823, and sells complete for 450 francs, (£18. 15s.) it is, we believe, the cheapest and most extensive work ever published on this subject; this is owing to the cheapness of the process of lithography, which the French seem to have carried farther than any other people. To medical men we need not hint at the utility of this work, but the uninitiated we beg to inform, that the study of anatomy is undoubtedly of primary importance among those sciences which gratify laudable curiosity, but from a natural disgust and sometimes prejudice, causes of which we feel the full power, it is almost entirely left to men of the profession; such a work, however, as this, will go a great way towards explaining what no man can learn from reading alone. It is said that Aristotle knew the importance of explanatory plates, and added some to his descriptions; among the middle age men, Pierre de Pérouse, Eustachi, Fialetti, Casserio, Berstini—and among the more modern Ehrard, Mascagni and others have borne testimony to the importance of this object, which is further evinced in the quantity of recent plates on the same subjects by Britons.

Among other beneficial effects resulting from Baron Humboldt's visit to the Oural mountains, we are informed, is the discovery of diamonds, which promise to turn out a beneficial branch of commerce. It was Engelhardt who first discovered a resemblance to the land in which they are found in Brazil, at Koushra on the estate of Countess Polier, and Humboldt has, by his almost infallible testimony, confirmed the conjecture; several diamonds of a large size have been already found, by washing the sand.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 26.

At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, on the 19th instant, M. Blumenbach was elected a member, in the room of Dr. Young, by a large majority. M. Aldini, already known as the inventor of the apparatus for firemen, presented a paper by M. Watson, on the means of preventing vessels from sinking—he proposes to exhibit M. Watson's experiments before the Academy. M. Coquedert Montbret made a report on M. Caillié's journey to Timbuctoo, in which he combated the suspicions started by you English writers; answered the objection of his not having brought any specimens either mineral or vegetable from Timbuctoo, or made any accurate geographical observation, on the ground of his situation compelling him to support the character of an indigent Mussulman trader; and offered various other arguments in support of the authenticity of the work.

The Moniteur contains the following curious and interesting remarks upon an article in the Quarterly Review, relative to the voyage of M. Caillié to Timbuctoo:—

"An English publication (the Quarterly Review, No. 84,) throws a doubt upon the voyage of M. Caillié to Timbuctoo. Among other reasons, it finds its arguments upon the fact, that the aspect of the heavens was not such as is stated by the traveller on the 7th of May, at eleven o'clock in the evening, near Timbuctoo. The fact is, that it could not have been the constellation, Orion, which M. Caillié saw on the 7th of May, at eleven o'clock in the evening, towards the East.—This constellation had then set for the parallel of Timbuctoo. Aquila was straight to the East, a little above the horizon, and it was, perhaps, this constellation which he saw, or perhaps the Swan or Lyra, to the E.N.E. It is astonishing, certainly, that M. Caillié should have taken one constellation for another; but the error proves nothing. According to the critic the two wains were not near the horizon, as M. Caillié asserts, but were then above the pole. But in order to be beyond the pole, the little bear was not necessarily very far from the horizon, since the extremity of the tail was at 18 degrees only; and the height of the little wain at 13 degrees of elevation.

The other objections taken by the critic have still less foundation, and many of them are completely frivolous.

I. M. Caillié speaks of a canal between Cabra and its port. The journal in question makes an outcry about the novelty of this fact, and seems to be amused with the idea of an *artificial canal* dug in Central Africa. But nothing is more easy to conceive than the existence of a small branch, called in Senegal a

mariot, between Cabra and the river, a branch of which all the African travellers were ignorant, and which has been lately formed. That Cabra should be upon the very bank of the river is possible, and may be conceived, if the canal borders upon a different point.

The statement also that the *streets* are clean, does not contradict the account of M. Caillié, which only says, that the *port* is very dirty.

2. The circumstances attending the death of Laing, according to the critic, are very incorrectly stated; and yet M. Caillié obtained them from the host of the English traveller. 'Let him mention the name of this host,' says the journal, 'and we can judge of his veracity.' This is a serious challenge certainly; but how long has it been considered necessary for individuals to recollect the names of all the persons they met with in their travels?

3. Osman, the chief or governor of Timbuctoo cannot be a negro of dark complexion, with frizzy hair, because he is the lieutenant of the Sultan of the Fellatahs or Foulahs. But is there no instance of a conqueror making a native governor of one of the conquered provinces? The conduct of this individual towards Major Laing, would be a proof of a contested fact. This man had given him a cordial reception on his arrival, and if obliged to cede to the orders of Bello or of Ahmed Labo he forced him to leave Timbuctoo, he at all events, would not allow him to fall a victim within the walls of the city.

4. The king or governor was a *fellatah*, a white, says the English journal. It was not therefore a woman, who governed, as the servant of Mr. Tyrwhit asserts. We have two contradictory accounts. How shall we at the same time contrast them with the account of our countryman? Why, let us begin by making them accord.

5. There were no Touariks in 1828, says the English journal, in the vicinity of Timbuctoo; their power was destroyed. But is the account of Major Laing upon this subject, given sufficiently in detail, to enable us to conclude the fact in a general manner? But who can we induce to believe that the authority of the Fellahs extends to the Sahara, and can prevent the incursions of a colony so powerful as the Touariks?

6. Laing perished, according to the statement of M. Caillié, on the fifth day of his departure from Timbuctoo; whilst the account from Tripoli, - given by the African servant, makes the period of his death the third day.—What conclusion can we draw from the variance of so many accounts? All the statements are from the mouths of the natives, and five different ones are known; two made at Tripoli, three at Saint Louis, and one statement was made to M. Caillié in the desert of Timbuctoo itself. They all differ in the details, but they agree in the principal circumstances.

7. The English Journalist does not understand how from the summit of ruins, it is possible to perceive the interior of squares, and the streets of the city. In answer to this, we would refer him to the lofty ruins which surround the city of Cairo, and we may observe, that possibly the perspective view of the English traveller was incorrect.

The rest of the criticism is composed of jests, to which it is not necessary to reply, and we may observe, that any one who reads the lengthy article, will be tempted to believe

that the affected incredulity of the foreign Journalist is not real.

We shall close our observations by citing the testimony of a veracious traveller, M. Cochelet, whose suffrage is of considerable weight. The following is a letter written by him on the fifth of last month, immediately subsequent to the appearance of M. Caillié's book.

Chateauroux, March 5, 1830.

Sir,—You may suppose that I have been one of the first readers of M. Caillié's travels. The general interest which the work excites, is increased in my case by many recollections. It was with no little eagerness that I turned my attention to the principal point of his journey, to that city which in future will cease to be enveloped in the veil of mystery which so many brave men have vainly endeavoured to draw aside, but I confess that it is when the intrepid traveller gains the northerly part of the desert of Sahara, that my curiosity is heightened. The description so exact of the territory of El-Harib, bordering upon that in which I had myself sojourned, and to which it is not without strong traits of similarity—the justice of the ethnographic remarks which describe so accurately the Nomades of this country, have given me a very strong impression of the veracity of the rest of the narrative. I could have wished to encounter Mr. Caillié in the very places which I had visited on this coast from Noun to Onad Noun, where so many caravans pass towards Timbuctoo. There, without doubt, I should have found his truth still more apparent, and I should have recognized even the persons who embittered the cup of my captivity. But in the north of the Sahara desert, it is easy to judge of the manners of one tribe, by those of a neighbouring one. These Nomades acquire the same habits from the frequency of their communication with each other.

(Signed) COCHELET.

Such is the man whom an English publication accuses of imposture. Perhaps these unjust suspicions will be deemed the more misplaced after the honorable testimony rendered by the French Society, to the memory of Major Laing.*

The French Statistical Society, held its sixth monthly meeting on the 20th inst. which was brilliantly attended. Count Alexandre de Laborde took the chair, supported by the Dukes of Montmorenci and De Guiche, &c. &c. Letters excusing their absence were read from the Dukes of Orleans and Chartres, Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, and other distinguished individuals. Numerous presents of works, and documents, both printed and in MSS. connected with statistics were announced, and thanks voted to the donors. The Vicomte Hericart de Thury, and M. Cesar Moreau the original founder of the society, were elected grand officers. The society now ranks among its members, three princes of the blood royal of France, Princes Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, and Paul of Wurtemberg, five of the cabinet ministers, four Marshals of France, and ten Ambassadors from foreign states.

* To such of our readers as do us the honor of remembering the sentiments we have expressed respecting Caillié and his book, we need scarcely observe that there is not a word to alter our opinion in all this special pleading of the *Moniteur*.

To the Redacteur of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

Mons.—The letter which appeared in a late *feuille* of yours on Frenchified English, is truly very à propos. It points out *clairement* the *folie* of that class of society who wish to pass gibberish for *bel esprit*, and proves that the English tongue is growing old, and, therefore, no longer à la mode; even the title of a book must be *boudoir*, and not *closet*. Certainement this jargon gives no *ton de grandeur* to their person, nor a *finesse* to their conversation, which is, however, not always very *recherché*. *Sans doute*, it only proves this: that they have been à Paris, and to convince you, they will, *de temps-en-temps*, favour you with a half broken Frenchified sentence, to give themselves an *air distingué*, but, when a *voyageur* thinks to have met with a *savant*, and delighted of entamer a conversation suivie with his new linguist, he not very much *versé* in la langue Française, most respectfully makes une *inclination de tête* to his dialogist followed by the usual apology—“I forgot most of my French.”

The *Hibernoises* are, en vérité, far from showing the same *goût* which the *Parisiannes* entertain for *délicieuses* perambulations. *Au lieu* of enjoying a pure air, a serene atmosphere, a *belle vue*, or a *rangée* of fine houses, and *surtout*, a place *aérée*, where beauty could be displayed without *gêne* in all its forms *attrayantes*—such as Merion-square, they *vont s'entasser* in some very old streets, under a *ciel nébuleux*, where all *flaneurs*, when meeting a lady, arrogate to themselves the *droit* of gazing her in the very *dents*; *ainsi*, that it is *tout-à-fait* impossible to conjecture whether she is a lady de *qualité* or a mere *modiste*.

Ah! M. Éditeur, what *drole* politeness I observe in this city. When it happens that two *gentlemen* of *grande* appearance meet with *une dame* in the streets, and that the one Monsieur being *seulement* acquainted with the *belle*, the other must stand à l'*écart*, and is not entitled to be *poli*: he dare not take off his *chapeau*, for certainement he would insult the lady. Hé bien, M. le Redacteur, this is à la *vérité*, very odd *politesse*. What is *civilité* in one country is *insulte* in another, *enfin*, n'*importe*, the English wish it *comme ça*. Il n'y a rien à dire.

I am, M. le Redacteur, with *grand respect*, yours,

VOYAGEUR.

[The following very curious and interesting document was found among the papers of an eminent literary character some time deceased, and communicated to us by our excellent friend the Historian of Galway, who has contributed as much, perhaps, as any man living to throw light upon the past history and literature of Ireland. The paper appears to have been drawn up solely for the information of the person in whose possession it remained, and never to have been intended for publication: its internal marks of genuineness and authenticity will carry conviction to the mind of every reader.]

ANECDOTES OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT OF HORSE.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

His Majesty's Fourth Regiment of horse, commanded by Sir John Ligonier, continued upon the Irish establishment from the conclusion of Queen Anne's wars to the year 1742.

ED.